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PUCK



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IN THE REPUBLICAN DARK-ROOM.

AN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER WHO SPOILS GOOD PLATES BY USING BAD CHEMICALS.



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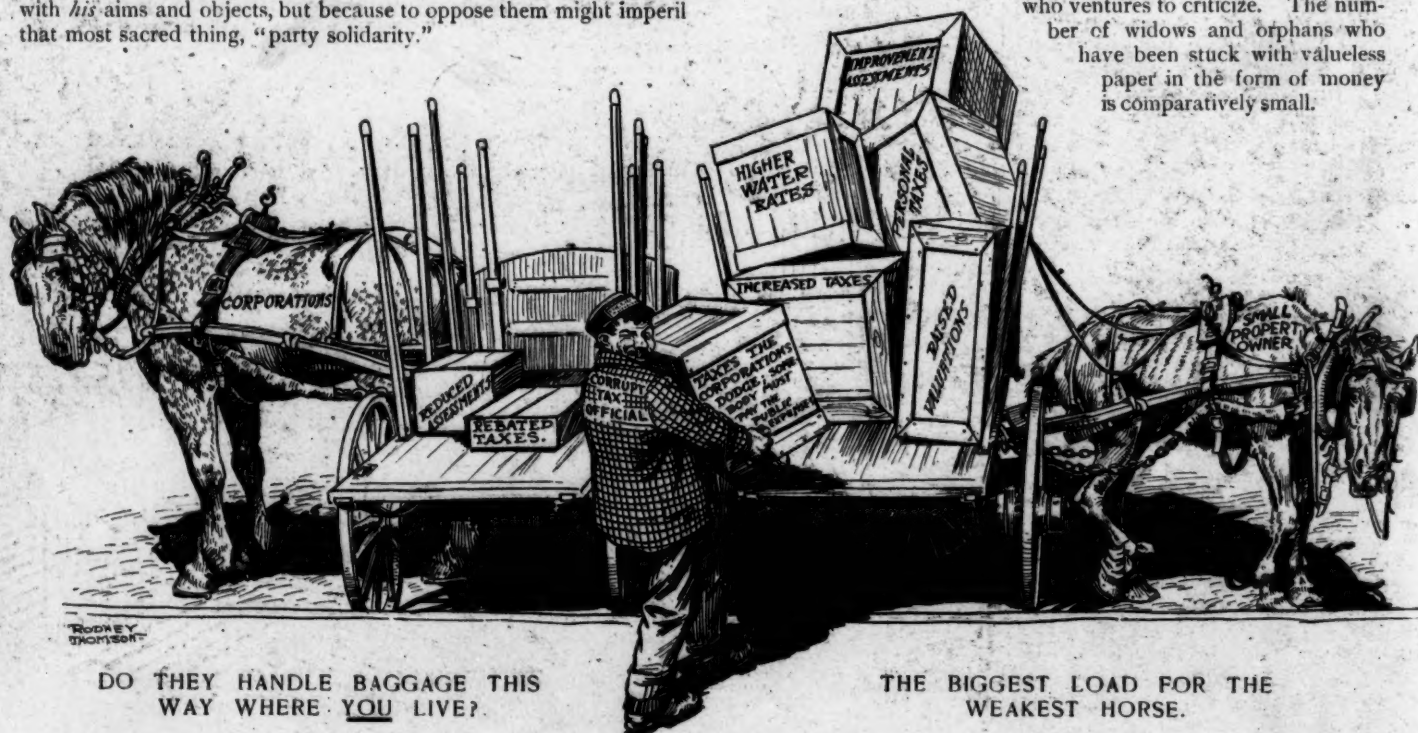
Cartoons and Comments

SLAVES AND ROSE-CULTURE.

AMONG those present in the crusade against White Slavery is young Mr. ROCKEFELLER. No one can say that *this* son of a wealthy father lives but to dawdle. Going in for serious things seems to be a particular fad of his, and it is a good fad, provided, of course, that he goes in deep enough. We hope sincerely, for instance, that he goes far enough into this White Slave business to see the connection between White Slavery and the American Beauty rose. Young Mr. ROCKEFELLER, you may possibly recall, once told his Bible class that the giant monopolies of America were like American Beauty roses; a lot of small buds *had* to be sacrificed in order that one gorgeous flower might be reared on each stalk. But one of the incidentals to "rose-culture" of this kind is the creation of social conditions that supply the White Slave mart with plenty of raw material. So many "buds" of opportunity have been ruthlessly nipped that women as well as men find the living problem too hard to solve. If young Mr. ROCKEFELLER gets in this deep, and then wants to go deeper, let him ponder on the state of affairs at Washington, where by Congress the "House of Have" is coddled and pampered and privileged at the expense of the "House of Want." And where President TAFT stands stolidly by the chief coddlers and pamperers, not because they stand by *him*, or because they are in sympathy with *his* aims and objects, but because to oppose them might imperil that most sacred thing, "party solidarity."

"THERE is room in the Republican Party for every man who wishes to improve its condition."—Governor Fort of New Jersey.
Which is to say, Help Wanted, Males.

SOME counterfeiters were sentenced in New York the other day, and the aggregate terms of the lot—there were eight of them—amounted to 150 years. They had been caught making five-dollar bills, and there appeared to be no doubt of their guilt. But what sentences! One man got thirty years! This would seem to indicate that the authorities are strongly opposed to the creation of spurious money, and it is encouraging in that ultimately it may lead to similar punishment for a gang of counterfeiters at present immune—we mean the stock waterers. This gang of counterfeiters operates without fear, although it works in broad daylight and on such a large scale as to make the luckless crew just sentenced to servitude seem like amateurs. What is the difference morally between making and circulating valueless paper in the guise of money, and making and circulating valueless paper in the form of securities? Both kinds of counterfeiters get real money in exchange for fake; only *one* kind gets a few hundreds of dollars, perhaps, and then goes to jail, while the other gets millions, maybe, and says: "Don't! You'll destroy confidence," to anybody who ventures to criticize. The number of widows and orphans who have been stuck with valueless paper in the form of money is comparatively small.



DO THEY HANDLE BAGGAGE THIS WAY WHERE YOU LIVE?

THE BIGGEST LOAD FOR THE WEAKEST HORSE.

PUCK



SPECIAL INDUCEMENT.

LORD FITZNOODLE (*during the storm*).—Take heart, Captain! If necessary, we cabin passengers will raise a purse that will make it really worth your while to save us!

SCIENCE BRIEFS.

THE number of germs on a thousand-dollar bill is 142,000. The number of people bit by these germs annually is less than ten. These germs are not classified as dangerous to ordinary mortals.

Out of 1,453,879 suits of clothes sold annually in this country 1,453,879 get shiny before they wear out.

The number of germs in a dainty kiss is estimated at 156—not especially dangerous. Number of deadly germs in a homely-girl or old-maid kiss estimated at 1,342,432,567.

Scientists can find no reason why building material for municipal buildings should cost more than that used in private structures.

To make a quick loan near the first of the year is harder than the diamond.

Lightning travels at a speed of 186,000 miles a second. Common gossip takes second place.

Six thousand pounds of Chinese hair are sent to this country every year. None of it can be found three months after arriving.

A hen's egg will keep twelve years in a modern cold-storage house.

Hard winters do not affect the ice crop of the next summer.

PHILOSOPHY is the thing we think up when we don't need it, and forget when we do.

ACADEMIC.

THE term "academic" is perhaps the unluckiest in our language.

Plato, the first of the Academics, meant no harm and did none, unless it should be the founding of the fashion whereby so many men since his time have deemed themselves philosophers merely because they did n't know where they were at. Certainly he gave the name no color appropriate to the modern academic, that snapper-up of unconsidered trifles who masks his mediocrity under a pedantic flourish of useless learning; that pompous humbug who owns nothing genuine unless he can hear the creak of the machinery by which it came into being; who judges means as ends and

ends as means; who is himself a dead stick, and for that denies the sap of inspiration; who exalts the feeble and conscious and discredits the strong and spontaneous; who nags genius to death and thinks to reign in its stead. Of a truth the poor word has fallen to evil uses, and by no seeming fault of its own.

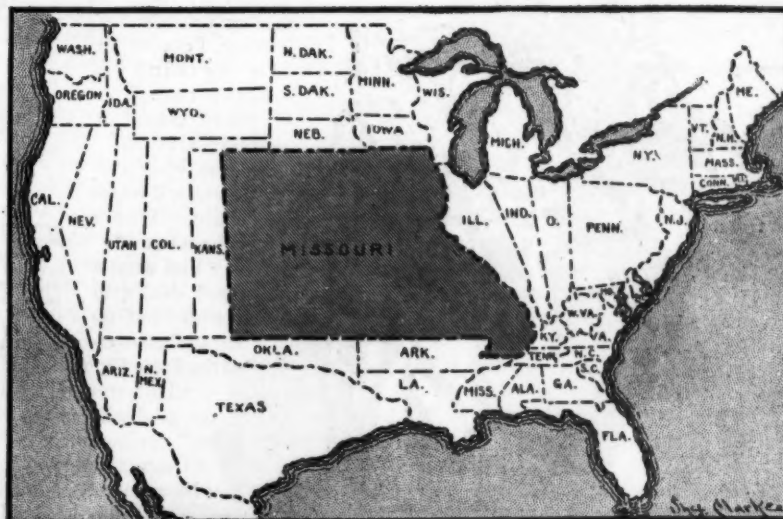
DELICACY.

"**H**OW OLD are you?"
"Twelve."

"A girl of twelve should tell her mother everything."

"But my mother is so innocent! Really, I haven't the heart!"

IT is accounted proper to water Stocks, but most improper to water the Milk.



OUR LARGEST STATE.

IF EVERY ONE "FROM THERE" REALLY WAS.

In hot countries genius becomes so infected with indolence that it can shine in nothing but politics. Hence these revolutions.

PUCK

MARCH.

THE whuffled wind goes whizzing through the bough!
And all afire are frugal flakes of snow!
The sunshine sizzles with delay,
And grugsome gleams groom out the light of day!

I wean would waddle through the whereless rain;
But scroogy snowflakes skfoodle so my brain
That I stay home and pensive pencilings prate,
While the March Hare sits mugging at my grate!

Florence G. Piper.

THE FATE OF SKITTISH LEE.

ONCE upon a time there was a high-born maiden
by the name of Skittish Lee. She had houses
and lands and stocks galore. But though
she was also passing fair, upward of
thirty years had come trooping by,
one by one, and yet Skittish
lived in single blessedness.

Nor was this because of a
dearth of suitors. In truth,
she had suitors in plenty. Many
of them, of course, were good for
nothing and were attracted to her by the
stocks and lands and houses. Others were serious-
minded young men who, though not averse to houses and
stocks and lands, were attracted to Skittish for herself alone,
for she had a pretty wit as well as a pretty face.

But alas, Skittish did not fancy the serious-minded young
men. She would readily have married one of the good-for-
nothings (and especially one Prince Lespender, who was widely
famed for the dexterity with which he could translate a menu), if
she could only be sure that they loved her for herself alone as
did the serious-minded young men. Even her great personal vanity
was not strong enough to banish the doubts in regard to these
good-for-nothings, and especially in regard to Prince Lespender.

And so for some time Skittish had lived in a state of chronic
quandary.

One day, while she was taking a drink at the fountain in the
garden, a little frog hopped up to her and said:

"Good morning."

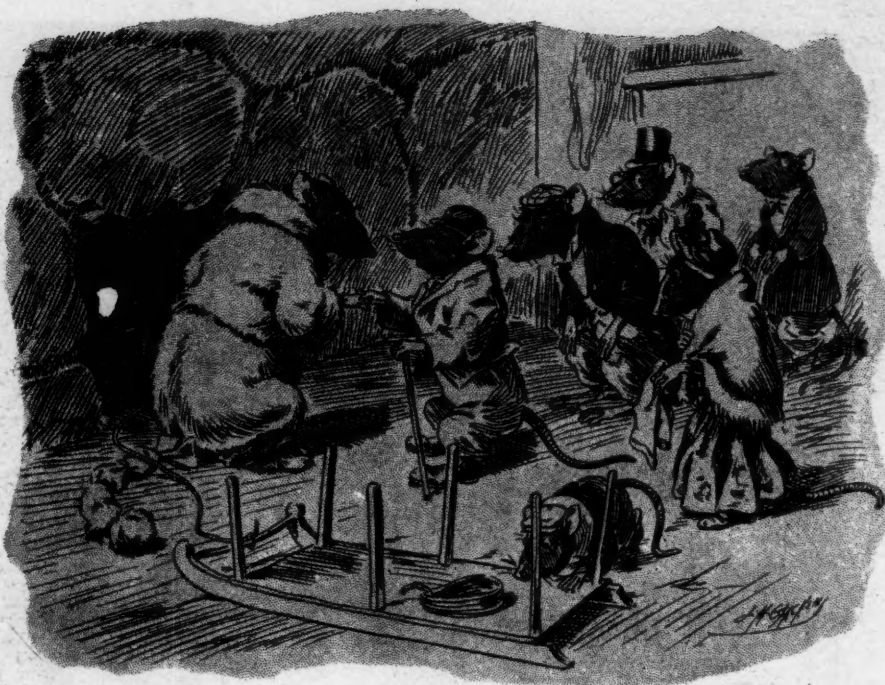
"Good morning," rejoined Skittish lightly. "Who might
you be?"

"I am a Fairy," answered the frog, politely.



SEE ILLUSTRATION.

LONG-WINDED STORY-TELLER.—And there, right
in my path—was a yawning chasm!



THE LAST RESORT.

THE HERO (*about to depart*).—Good-by, friends! If I don't return
from that cold-storage warehouse inside of two days with a sledgeful of choice
grub, you'll know I died a frozen martyr to the accursed Food Trust!

"Are you a good Fairy or a bad Fairy?"

"Sometimes I'm good and sometimes not, depending on
circumstances, just as in the case of mortals. I am feeling good
this morning and I will give you a
wish. What shall it be?"

"Goodness! This is so
sudden!" exclaimed Skit-
tish from force of habit.

"Come now. Don't
be trite," cautioned the
Fairy.

"But suppose I wish
for something and then
don't like it after I get
it?" ventured Skit-
tish cautiously.

"That's the way
it usually is; but,
whether you like
it or not, I could
do nothing
more for you."

"Well, listen,"
said Skittish.

"But what I
say now doesn't
count. I want
your advice."

"You want a
good deal with
a wish; but go
ahead," answered
the Fairy Frog.

"Unfortunately I am both rich and pretty, but
I am gradually aging, and I ought to have a hus-
band," explained Skittish.

"I agree with you there," responded the Fairy.

"Now, it has sometimes occurred to me that if
I were poor and pretty, I could then find out which
of the men I like likes me, and especially one Prince
Lespender."

"Are you sure that any of the men you like likes you?"



IN MILTON'S TIME.

MASTER DRAKE.—The world is so full of
dupes and trickeries nowadays that one
hardly knows what to believe.

MASTER GILES.—True. Take the publi-
cations, for instance. I' faith it giveth one a
pain in the vitals to read their wind-swollen
advertisements. They even have the nerve
to laud this extra-dry morsel called *Paradise
Lost* as an immortal work, and call it the
greatest production of our times!

It is better to have loved and married than never to have loved at all.



THE UNDER DOG.

"No. That's just the trouble. Can you tell me how to find out?"

"It's puzzling, to be sure," said the Fairy reflectively. "I haven't been asked a question like this for centuries. Nowadays I am asked right out for riches, and it is expected that with riches beauty can easily be bought of the manicures, the hairdressers, and the milliners."

"What would you advise?"

"There is but one sure way out of it, and that is to become poor; but it's dangerous," said the Fairy emphatically.

"I don't care. I wish to be poor," announced Skittish, for she had become desperate at the prospect of remaining an old maid, and she was determined that her money should not be spent by one who did not love her. That night she fell ill with nervous prostration. The doctor said it was caused by worry. She lingered on for weeks and, when she was able to be out again, the color had faded from her cheeks and her hair was streaked with gray.

As she strolled through the park she met Prince Lepend-er, but he saw her first and passed by on the other side. She also met others of the good-for-nothings, and they also avoided her.

In vain she regretted her folly. In vain she reflected that it would have

been just as well to let a good-for-nothing husband spend her money as to give it away to the Frog Fairy. And in vain she went out to the fountain and besought the Frog Fairy to return it to her. The Frog Fairy was kind, but told her that he did not believe in charity.

"By the way," said the Fairy one morning as they were chatting, "I see by the papers that Prince Lepend-er has married a chorus girl." His words sent a pang through the heart of Skittish, but she remained outwardly composed.

"I noticed it," she replied. "I wonder where he got the money?"

"Shall I tell you a secret?" asked the Frog, grinning impishly.

"Please!" pleaded Skittish, clasping her hands imploringly.

"He got the money from me. I got it from you, of course."

"You horrid thing! But I thought you said you did n't believe in charity!"

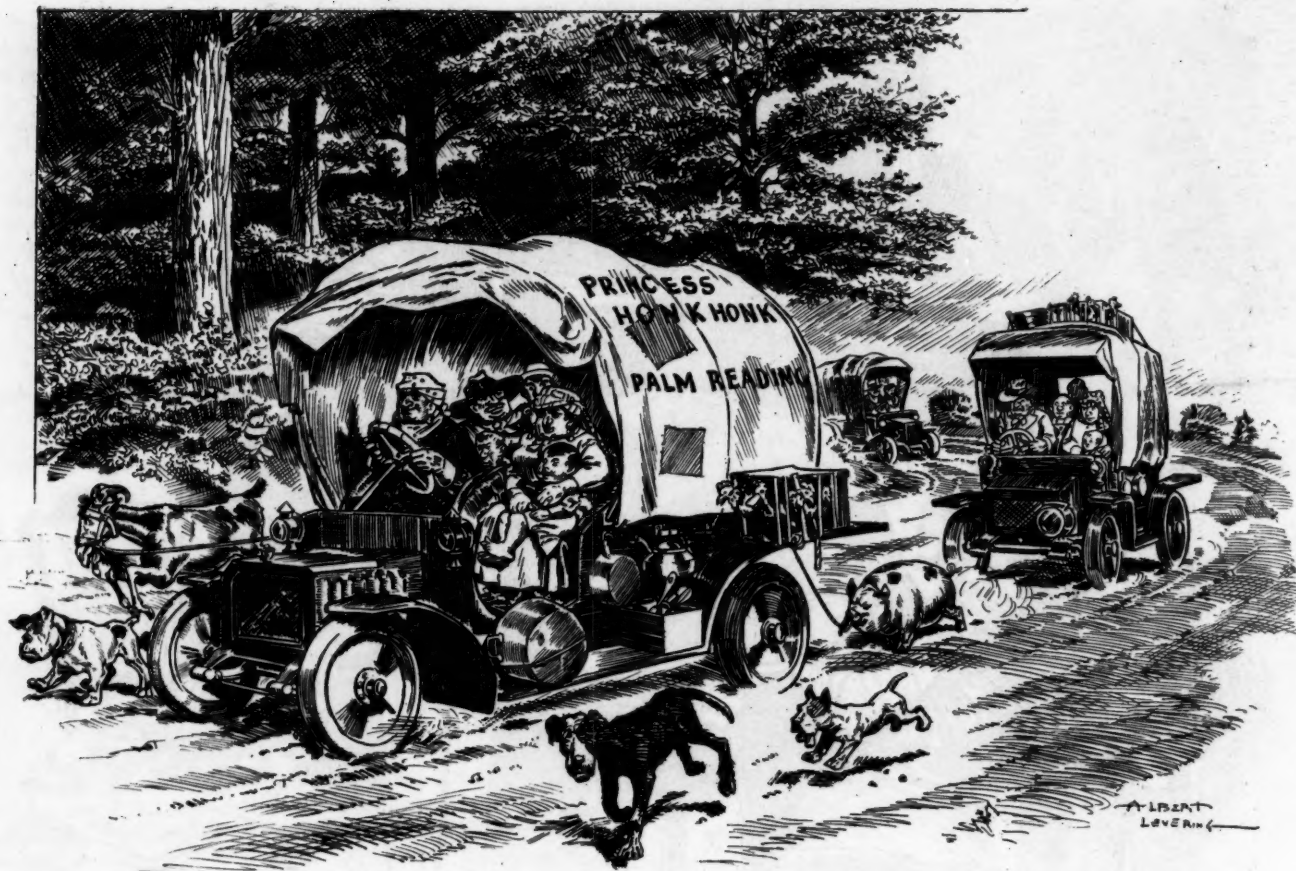
"I did n't do it for charity. I did it for the sake of Art," rejoined the Fairy, as he dove into the fountain with a splash.

Ellis O. Jones.



MOTORMETAMORPHISTOFELEED.

PUCK



THE NEW GYPSY.

BALLADE OF WOMAN'S BIAS.



TOWARD women I am meek and tender,
Save when of "tidiness" they prate;
I am their true and tried defender
Till on my desk they turn their hate;
I would n't broadly agitate
'Gainst all Mays, Marys, and Marias,
But, thanks, I'll keep my *own* room straight; —
Women do all things on the bias.

I do not scorn the aid they render;
I simply meekly beg to state:
If order has but just one gender,
It's masculine, I calculate.
They scorn *my* litter-ary trait,
But when with dressmaking they try us,
Oh lint! Oh rags! Oh cruel Fate! —
Women do all things on the bias.

They've lined my newest trousers' splendor
With *three* sharp creases up to date;
Their writing, like the Witch of Endor,
Climbs wildly on an upward gait;
They slice bread on a slant that's great;
They're straight of speech as Ananias;
Past shops they zig-zag, swerve, gyrate; —
Women do all things on the bias.

L'ENVOI.

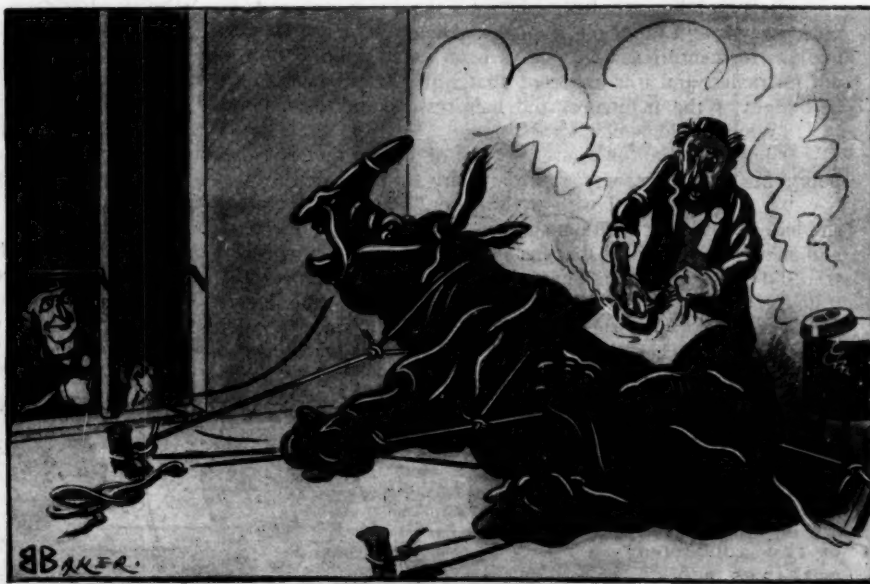
The only time they coruscate
Is when they choose their husbands pious;
Each sure does get a bargain mate!
Women "do" all things on the buy-us!

Chester Firkins.

BABIES AND BITTERNESS.

A BABY remembers almost nothing till it is three years old. After which time people are not so frantic about kissing it. Wherefore there is less of the bitter spirit of revenge in the world than there might otherwise be.

NEXT to being great yourself, the best thing is to recognize a great man while he's still small enough to make it possible to do him a favor.

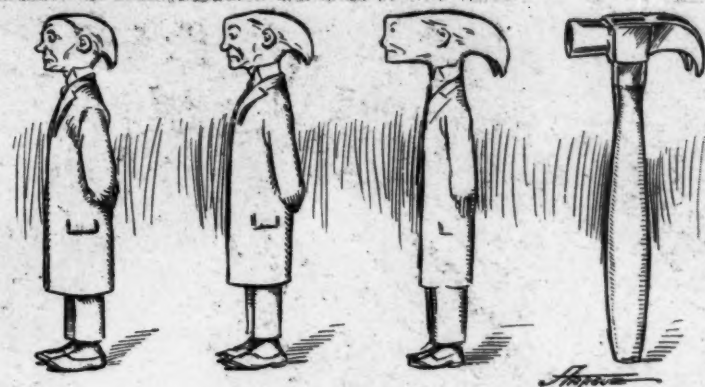


IRONING OUT HIS WRINKLES.

THE S. I. C. A. C. GET TO WORK ON THE RHINO.

The nose for news is in some respects the most disquieting feature of our civilization.

PUCK



EVOLUTION OF A CHRONIC KNOCKER.

A SHORT STORY.

FROM A HIGH-SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

THE dusky shades of the onrushing night were falling over the gloaming Earth. The whip-o-wills were murmuring in the marshes and, ever and anon, came the mysterious night voices from the bosky forest. But look! A figure is approaching adown the road. The figure is that of a young girl with brown eyes. She is wonderfully beautiful. Her name is Esteline DeLancy. Listen! A voice comes from amidst the enshadowed woods. The girl hesitates while a mad rush of color creeps higher and higher over her alabaster cheeks.

"O, Harold Hemingway, is it indeed yourself?" the girl breathed in a perfect ecstasy of joy.

"It is, my onliest own, it is indeed myself!" Harold has cried as he sweeps her into his manly bosom.

"And now," says Harold, after a moment of supreme joy which will ever shine in their lives as a bright star in the firmament of heaven, "and now we will elope and leave behind us forever the childish high-school, where, nevertheless, we have passed so many sweet hours of solemn joy."

"Ah yes," sighed the girl, "the dear old high-school! But we are men and women now, and life is before us."

Saying which, they each caught hold of the other's hand, and thus clinging each to the other, they hastened down the road to the pastor's, where they were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. After the ceremony Harold soon assumed a commanding position in the banking and financial circles of his home town and they lived happily ever after.

F. W. Williams.

"AFTER ALL, money amounts to very little."
"Yes; but in the meantime it amounts to a great deal."

NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A THING.

THE power and resources would almost surely be used by the so-called captains of industry and speculative multimillionaires to bring about new and more gigantic combinations to add to their enormous wealth and build up a money oligarchy that might become more powerful than the Government itself, and finally endanger, if not overturn, our republican institutions."

No. This is not an excerpt from the latest muck-raking article. It is one of the objections raised by Mr. Henry Clews to the establishment of a central Government bank. It would be terrible if we had such a state of affairs in this country.

REVISED.

WHILE I am inclined to be a reverent and faithful believer in the Gospel," said the commuter, "I have come to doubt one maxim in it."

"The Good Book says, 'that which ye sow ye shall also reap,' which may be absolutely and irrefutably true as a moral proverb, but which, as a matter of agricultural fact, is misleading."

"You see, I tried to raise a garden last summer. I sowed potatoes and tomatoes and asparagus and celery and lettuce and a few other vegetables and relishes, and was looking forward to a table loaded with fresh



THE PROPER PROTECTION.

CLANCY.—Suit of Armour, is it? Sure, an' I don't wonder at all. If I wor raisin' the price of beef ev'ry day loike him, I'd be wearin' that kind of a suit meself!

things of that sort at small expense; but what I actually reaped was jimson weed, mullein, plantain, Russian thistle, dandelions, and yellow daisies—which sound well enough in poetry, but do not agree with growing crops.

"Consequently, if I have anything to do with the next revision of the Good Book, I shall change that particular phrase to read, 'That which ye sow'—(provided the dealer has sold you the right seeds, and you know how to plant them, and the rain descends in sufficient quantity, and the soil is right, and the cut-worms not numerous, and you hoe the weeds, spray the leaves, cultivate between the rows, keep out the neighbors' pigs and cows and chickens, and scare away the crows, and persuade the small boys in the vicinity that the garden is not a good

place to play squat-tag or pullaway, hire a man to watch the crop as it is coming up, powder the plants with Paris green, spray 'em twice a day and pick off the bugs)—'ye shall also reap'—if you are lucky."

Berton Bralley.



THROUGH THE TONSORIAL AGES.—IV.

From a Cliff near North Cape.

BARBER (confidentially).—Say, Mr. Ericson, I hear a young feller tell his friends this morning that a bunch of Irishers—some monks or something—got to this here Vinland before you done so. Now, I'm around town quite a lot, and if you want me to keep my ears open, maybe I can hear quite a few things about this Irish stunt that—

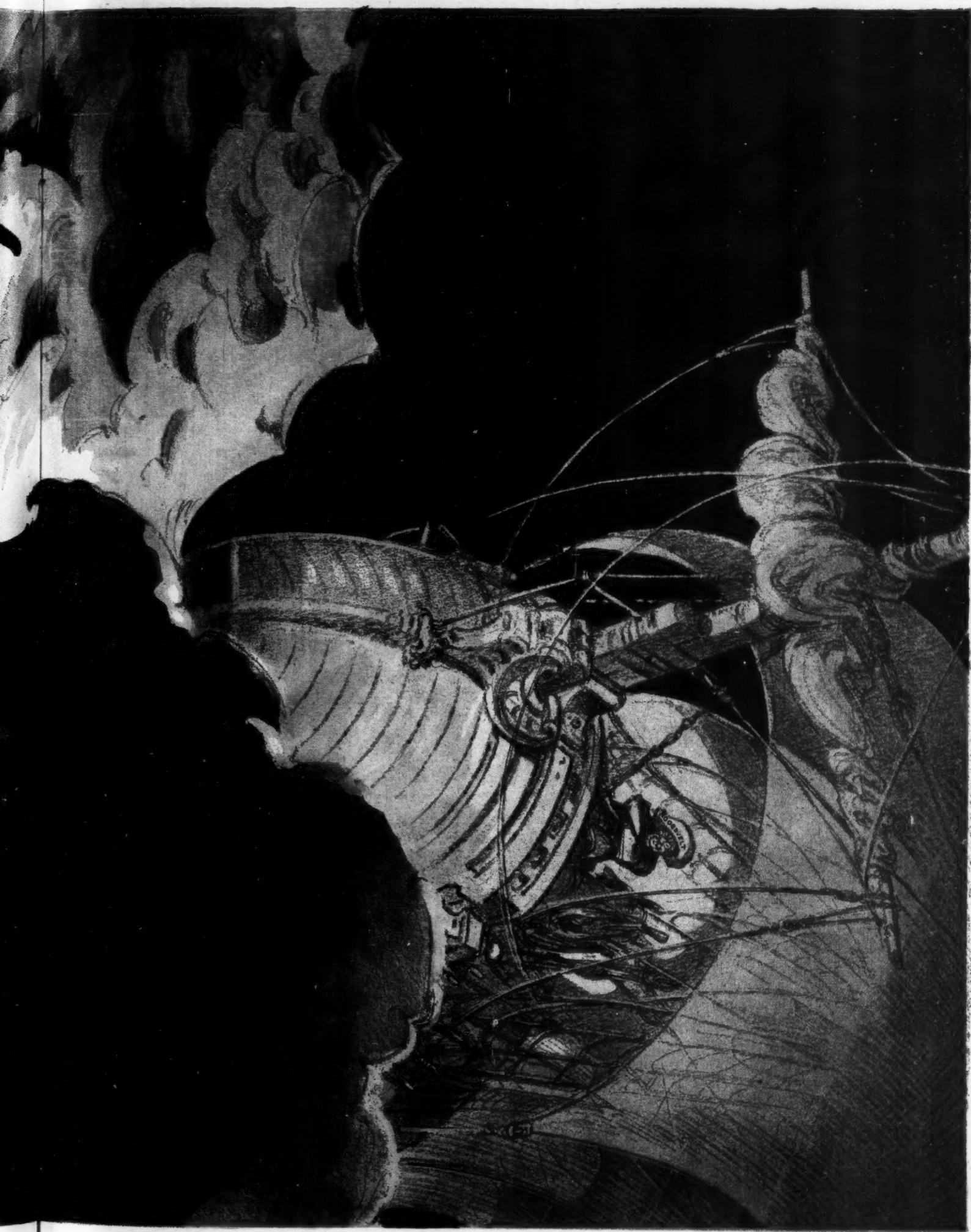
LEIF ERICSON (gritting his teeth).—Comb it dry!

THE PUNCH PRESS



THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.
AT THE HEIGHT OF THE STORM, AN ADDED TERROR.

X



PUCK



CHANTICLEER.

THE OWL.—Shucks! There's that fool Rooster crying "Good-morning" at bedtime again!

DIETETICS.

In order to have good health it is absolutely necessary to observe well-recognized hygienic laws.—*Medical Journal.*

HE NEVER, oh, he never broke a health law whatsoever,— he bathed, breathed deeply, and inhaled the open air; He observed the laws of diet, lived a life of calm and quiet, avoided all rich dishes, and partook of simple fare;

The Demon Rum he hated, said its joys were over-rated; he never chewed tobacco nor smoked a cigarette;

His clothes were cool or warm, suiting sunshine or the storm, and his footgear so constructed that his feet were never wet.

No joy-ride caught his fancy, no siren's necromancy ever lured him or seduced him from the straight and narrow road;

He eschewed all late-hour joys, never went out with the "boys," and in no way was a patron of pleasure's dizzy code;

His life was ruled by reason, he did nothing out of season, and stuck closer to the doctor's word than man was ever found;

But—in yonder plot he sleepeth, where that lonely wil'ow weepeth, and all of him that's mortal lies six feet under ground!

And he? Oh, he is sure a devil, whose life is one long revel, he cares not for hygienic nor any other rules;

Cigars he smokes in bunches, drinks rum and whisky punches, and considers Prohibitionists as just so many fools;

He abhors room ventilation, swallows without mastication, and cares not what his garments are in sunshine or in rain;

He loves to play the ponies, plays late at night with cronies either pinochle or poker for pastime or for gain;

He goes out on numerous whirls with gay and giddy girls, and the glitter of the night-time pleases more than sunshine's ray;

He loves to haunt the places and loves to face the faces that one may see at eventide on pleasure's primrose way;

No doctor's aid he ever tries, no druggist's pills he ever buys, nor ever takes vacation as he gaily goes his rounds,

But—his voice rings loud with laughter, rings at night and next morn after, his cheeks are two red roses, and he weighs two hundred pounds!

W. P. D.

COMPLICATIONS.

"I HEAR that Gran'dad Butterby is considable under the weather," said Uncle Ad Clovertop as he drew rein in the road when he met Uncle Si Kornfed. "What appears to ail gran'dad?"

"Well, it's a sort of a complication of diffikities that seems to of tuk holt of him about all over. There's some signs of appendysheetus an' his bronskittus has come on ag'in an' he's had a touch of plumbago with an occasional twinge of skiaticky in his left leg. The doctor's some skeered of pumony settin' in an' his lower extreemities is so cold we dunno

but he may be goin to have a shock of paralsis, so you see with all that complication he's in a purty bad way. Still, he was on the mend when I called there this mornin' an' was havin' a glass or two o' cider an' half a mince pie an' a couple o' doughnuts to sort o' keep up his stren'th. The doctor says the main thing is to keep up his stren'th an' not let his temperchoor git too high. But when a man gits to be ninety-five an' has all that complication you got to be prepared for anything that happens. They've sent for his sister an' her husband an' his two brothers an' his wife's brother an' his nephew an' his fam'ly an' some o' the other kin so that they can be there in case anything should happen."

M. W.



A WATER-COOLED MOTOR.

THEIR BRIGHT SAYINGS.

HIS MAMMA.—I don't know what to do with Willie. He wants to be a newspaper man, but he has no talent for writing.

HIS UNCLE.—That's all right. Buy him a copy of *Joe Miller's Joke Book* and a list of the United States Senators, and we'll get him a job as a Washington Correspondent.

"NOTHING like a little push," remarked the villain as he shoved the unsuspecting hero over the precipice.



A FRIEND OF LABOR.

THE PARLOR SOCIALIST ON HIS WAY DOWNTOWN TO WORK.

Girls may be very foolish, but most of them are altogether too wise for us.

FRANK B. GALLIVAN, Ph.D.
ANALYTICAL CHEMIST AND BACTERIOLOGIST

CERTIFICATE OF ANALYSIS

Hathaway Bldg.
Boston, Mass.

Messrs. Colgate & Co.,

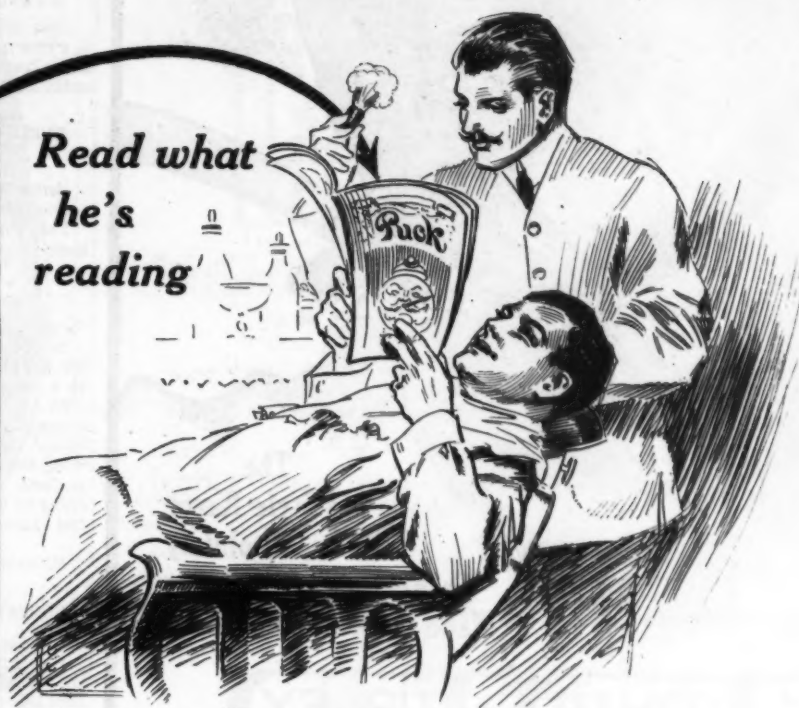
I have examined Colgate's Barbers' Shaving-Powder, purchased on the open market, and find it to be notably free from uncombined alkali.

It is aseptic and, as used for shaving, it is germicidal.

(Signed)

FRANK B. GALLIVAN, Ph.D.

Read what
he's
reading



A New Era
in Sanitary Shaving with

COLGATE'S BARBERS' SHAVING-POWDER

As an aid to quick and cleanly shaving, a great many of the best shops are welcoming our Powder.

And a large number of metropolitan Clubs and Hotels, where luxury is a fine art, are learning to appreciate its comfort and convenience.

For Colgate's Shaving-Powder gives you fresh soap with every shave, and does away with rubbing in lather with the fingers. Its exceptional sanitary value is also shown by the antiseptic qualities attested in the above certificate of analysis.

Moreover, its dust-proof box is naturally a cleaner soap-container than a cup. However, if the cup is used, it can be washed out completely after each shave.

Our Powder also shortens the shave. It saves two operations, making lather in a cup, and rubbing in with the fingers. Its use permits the lather to be made on your face, where the brush is working it in while it works it up, and so softens your beard from the start.

You'll enjoy its lasting, delightful lather, and that soft, smooth shave.

COLGATE & CO., New York, Makers of Colgate's Famous Shaving Soaps.

*Talk it over
with the man
who shaves you*



The
Old-Style Razor
Made Absolutely
Safe—the Safety-Razor
Made Absolutely Perfect

DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR

Everything a Razor Should Be

If you use a "Safety" Razor, you'll like the Durham-Duplex Razor better because it has every good feature of the best "safety" razor and the additional advantage that it shaves with the correct sliding diagonal stroke—something hoe-like devices cannot do.

The Durham-Duplex easily and quickly shaves the toughest beard.

If you use the old-style razor, you'll like the Durham-Duplex better, because it has every advantage of the long blade, with the additional advantage of removable blades, making stropping and honing unnecessary; insures a sharp, keen edge for every shave. The blades can, however, be honed and stropped like an ordinary razor. New blades, 6 for 50c.

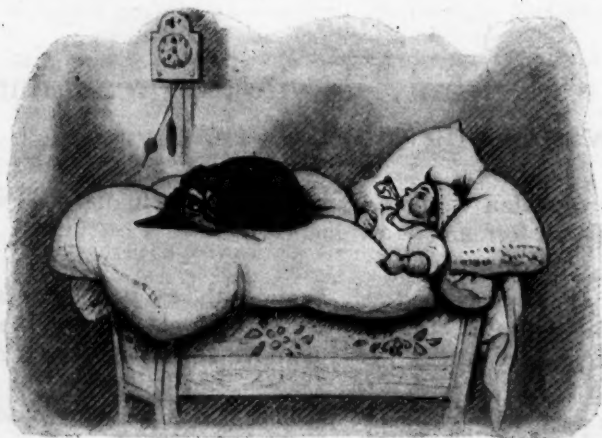
FREE TRIAL OFFER

The Durham-Duplex Razor is new, and therefore is not yet sold by all retailers, but we will send you the complete outfit upon receipt of \$5.00, and if not entirely satisfactory, return it within 30 days and get your money back. Get one today.

Write for Free Booklet

DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR CO., 111 Fifth Ave., New York

A RESOURCEFUL NURSE.



I.
ALL IS QUIET.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.

GOUT & RHEUMATISM

USE THE
GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY
BLAIR'S PILLS
SAFE, SURE, EFFECTIVE. 50c & \$1
DRUGGISTS.
OR 95 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.



GIVE HER A MEDAL.

MRS. GADSBY.—She says frankly that she can't play bridge, but that is n't the best of it.

MRS. BUNGWATS.—What is?

MRS. GADSBY.—She doesn't try.—
Somerville Journal.

Half-Seconds with Contributors.

AND, ALAS, CONDITIONS DID.

Find original "pome" enclosed. With it is a return ticket, to be used in case the climatic conditions of your section prove to be unfavorable.

RIGHTO! NEVER APOLOGIZE, NEVER EXPLAIN.

Herewith I submit some things which seemed funny to me.

I have no apologies to make for sending them.

GERMS.

To the Editor of PUCK:

In your recent issue I noted a cartoon by Mr. Keppler showing the Kaiser looking down at a map of England, and comparing him with a wolf pictured above looking down on a peaceful village. Now, let me tell you, Mr. Editor, Germany does not want to do anything like this, and will not unless forced by England. Germany wants peace, and she is going to have peace, unless England brutally and viciously forces her to make war.

GERMAN-AMERICAN.

Milwaukee, Wis.

HONESTLY, THIS REALLY HAPPENED.

To the Editor of PUCK:

I have seen a list of your comical jokes in the PUCK book saying that you would n't have any more use for them:

The Boarding-house Joke.
The Saloon-side-door-and-Cop Joke.
The Sleepy-Philadelphia Joke.
The Chicago-Big-feet Joke.

Those four I would like for you to send me, please.

Holden, W. Va.

THE JOKE AND THE JOKER.

Your estimable publication purchased a joke (one) from me in nineteen hundred and four, and as I have lately been compelled to relinquish my fond grasp on the money paid, and in spite of the fact that pork is soaring, my larder is low, I feel obliged to again trespass upon your good will, trusting you may deem some of the accompanying matter worthy of publication to the end that my family and your humble servant may obtain the wherewithal for a new package of breakfast food to help tide us over the boycott. Anxiously awaiting your esteemed favor—

?

To the Editor of PUCK:

Why does not Mr. Tom P. Morgan, who seems to be at the bottom of this controversy, come out and explain why he credits the Negro with saying "Ah" for "I"? He ought to be heard in his own defense before we condemn him too much.

Muncie, Ind.

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Swings Right or Left for Either Leg

Swivel Catch
Adjusts itself to every motion by the swing of the swivel.

C-M-C Clasp
Neatest and smallest. Cannot unfasten or slip.

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Men prefer it because
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and will not bind the leg

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50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

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"Yes," answered Mr. Sirius Barker. "Life used to be one grand, sweet song. Now it's a perpetual musical comedy."—*Washington Star.*

Yes, friend,

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VAL. BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.



III.
MEDITATION.



IV.
THE HAPPY EXPEDIENT.

—Lustige Woche.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it: insures your getting the very best.

A NATURAL ERROR.



"Look, Mamma! There's Papa waiting for us with his new honk-honk coat on!"—*Fliegende Blätter*.

ENGLISH GIRL.—You American girls have not such healthy complexions as we have. I cannot understand why our noblemen take a fancy to your white faces.

AMERICAN GIRL.—It is n't our white faces that attract them, my dear; it's our greenbacks.—*The Wasp*.

SUBSCRIBE FOR PUCK



IF you are tired of slapstick humor; if you are weary of the dull, pointless opposite, commonly known as the "He and She" sort; if you look for something more than horseplay in humor, and like occasionally a grain of truth with your fun, we say again to you: "Subscribe for PUCK!"

PUCK was first in the field 34 years ago, and it stays first to-day. It is not a weekly revival of worn-out jokes, spineless cartoons, and commonplace pictures. PUCK is different.

PUCK IS OUT OF THE RUT

PUCK does n't revive old jokes, because it draws most of its fun from timely things. It does n't print spineless cartoons, because it does n't have to, being independent of political rings and "immune lists." It does n't use pictures that are commonplace, because every picture, even the smallest, in PUCK must help to express a definite idea and one worth expressing.

AS A HOME PAPER

PUCK is sure to please. ¶ It is funny, but neither vulgar nor suggestive. ¶ It is attractive pictorially, because its artists are among the best. ¶ It is of serious interest, because its cartoons form a political history of the times. ¶ It is not a juvenile publication, but it is better for children than the comic supplements of the Sunday newspapers. ¶ And its annual Christmas number, sent without extra charge to subscribers, is as fine a publication as skill, careful preparation, and a high standard can make it.

PUCK is not local; it is National. It caters to no clique or class, political or social. PUCK meets the American demand for a Wideawake Humorous Weekly.

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AUTO TERMS.

THE MAJOR (who, owing to an attack of gout, has to shoot from a motor-car).—Watch that bird. He's hit hard.

CHAUFFEUR.—Yes, sir; 'e's steerin' a bit wild. Got it in 'is differential gear, sir, I think.—*Punch*.

MISTRESS.—Did you have company last night, Mary?

MARY.—Only my Aunt Maria, mum.

MISTRESS.—When you see her again will you tell her that she left her tobacco pouch on the piano?—*Illustrated Bits*.

LIFEBUOY SOAP

cleans and disinfects at the same time. Half clean is unclean. Ordinary soaps only half clean because they do not destroy the germs which make dirt dangerous.

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It should be used for every purpose of cleaning in toilet, bath, and shampoo.

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Cambridge, Mass.

WE LEAVE THIS TO OUR READERS.

To the Editor of PUCK:

A week or more ago I stepped off the train at a country town of possibly 400 inhabitants. My second cousin met me and I kissed her. She did n't seem to mind, but the village gossips got busy and were variously shocked, astonished, surprised, or dismayed. They had us engaged, married—or merely wicked. I'm engaged to another girl, but I thought it all right to kiss my second cousin. What is your opinion? I believe in Puck's wisdom—what's the dope on kissing second cousins?

Yours truly, E. C. B.

Chicago, Ill.

FIT RETRIBUTION.

"Pa, did you ever hear of a real case of poetic justice?"

"Yes. A man who once swindled me out of five hundred dollars in an irrigation scheme died of water on the brain."—*Record-Herald*.

SUCH LANGUAGE.

"Please, your Satanic Majesty," begged a lost soul who was fishing from the banks of a boiling lake, "can't I try my luck somewhere else? I've been fishing from this blamed place for the past hundred years and have n't had a bite yet."

"That's the hell of it," explained his Satanic Majesty.—*Everybody's*.

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Served by the discriminating footstep everywhere



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ABOTTLED DELIGHT

Just strain through cracked ice and serve—CLUB COCKTAILS, already measure-mixed are the finest cocktails in the world, ready for instant use. Always uniform, always right, a CLUB COCKTAIL is a better cocktail ten times over than any made-by-guesswork drink could ever be. Use them once and you'll have a bottle handy all the time, they're so delicious.

Martini (gin base) and Manhattan (whiskey base) are the most popular. At all good dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.

Hartford New York London

HER REASON.

ELDER SISTER.—Do you want women to have votes?

YOUNGER SISTER.—No.

ELDER SISTER.—Why?

YOUNGER SISTER.—Because I like to hear about the Suffragettes.—*Punch*.

HAD THE UPPER HAND.

"Yes; she threatened to go home to her mother."

"And how did you keep her from doing it?"

"I refused to button her gown for her."—*Courier-Journal*.

CHARTREUX STILL MADE IN SPAIN.

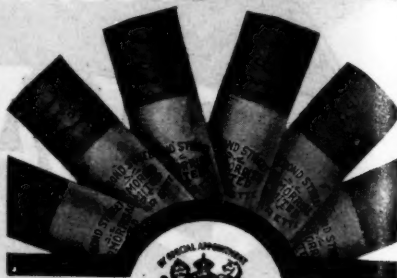
There appeared recently in some of the American Dailies an article stating that the Carthusian Monks, celebrated for the manufacture of the genuine Chartreuse, also known as Liqueur Pères Chartreux, were anticipating moving from Spain to Austria. This rumor is now officially denied by Bätjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York City, who are the American Agents of the Monks.



DANGEROUS ABSENT-MINDEDNESS.

THE NATURALIST.—Well, now that I've got my specimens, I'll get in my skiff and go back to camp.—*Lustige Blätter*.

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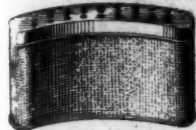
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NO MYSTERY.

"It seems to me this week," said he,
"That PUCK is extra good.
It always has a laugh in it—
A funny paper should.
But this week's PUCK just hits me right,
This PUCK seems made for me;
It satisfies me like a meal;
I wonder why?" said he.
The reason why no secret is;
We'll say it loud on louder,
'Tis this: the Barber's shaving him
With COLGATE'S SHAVING-POWDER.

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Learn to say "Pears'" when you ask for soap. There are other soaps, of course, but Pears' is best for you and matchless for the complexion.

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lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb. box. For sale by drug stores and dealers. Send 3c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 206 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.



ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN

in the best-regulated families. That's a saying as old as the hills. But why take accidents, gruesome accidents, into the best-regulated families with the label "American Humor" attached to them?

PUCK will not make the mistake of telling people what sort of humor they ought to prefer. It's a man's own business what he likes, whether it be something to put in his head or to put in his stomach. A good many people, however, are just a little inconsistent. They exclaim, after scanning a first page of violence, crime, and sickening fatalities: "Oh, why do they print such things in the newspapers?"

And yet, when Sunday comes, and with it the Sunday paper, what is it that is turned over to their children? A comic supplement, the humor of which, for the most part, is based on violence and fatalities; brutalities and accidents such as give their elders "the shivers" when read in the news.



SUNDAY MORNING.

"Ha, ha, Boys! See here! First he gets hit with a hammer, then a train runs over him, next he is blown up, after that an auto knocks him down, and finally he is swallowed by a whale."

The other day we noticed in a newspaper a "comic" series. The climax of it was a little man nailed to a fence, helpless, and a big man throwing hammers and horseshoes at him. Where



18 HOURS

Between Desks



The banker, the lawyer, the engineer, the contractor, the business man has a hurry call to Chicago. He is busy in New York. Daylight is precious.

The telephone at his elbow makes the appointment for the next morning.

The Pennsylvania Special

bridges the space during the night and he greets his western associate bright and early, after an evening of relaxation and a night of repose. He has five hours at his disposal in the western metropolis, and may start on his return in the afternoon. Luncheon on the train and dinner and another comfortable night. A bath and breakfast on the train and then to the office by the time the mail is delivered.

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A telephone call "1032 Madison Square" will secure reservations and bring the tickets by messenger.

would the laugh come in if that really happened and the police-reporters told us about it? Would it get a laugh?

PUCK has n't turned missionary. As we said before, we are not going to tell people what sort of humor they OUGHT to prefer. We simply say to those whose preference is not for "hammer and horseshoe" humor that PUCK publishes another kind both in text and picture. A bright kind. A timely kind. And a kind you need n't be afraid to take into "the best-regulated family."

If your newsdealer does n't handle PUCK, ask him to order it for you.



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TIME, THREE A.M. — ASLEEP AT LAST.

By Angus MacDonall.

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Her heart is an apartment house

I'D THOUGHT a maiden's heart was small,
That only one would dare to dwell
Within its spiritual wall
Until eviction him befell;
I thought none else could ring the bell
To Anna's heart but me—poor mouse!
But now I know—and I must tell—
Her heart is an apartment house!

I entered the abode last Fall
Seeking for peace and rest and—well,
All of those things one mustn't call
In vulgar terms—"exclusive"—"swell,"—
Far from the noise of street and "L,"
Hope got a swift and chilling douse;
(Ah, Life is but an empty shell!)
Her heart is an apartment house!

I hadn't passed the outer hall
When—"Bow-wow-wow!"—a lap-dog's yell
Assailed me, and I heard the squall
Of Baby Brother, begging jell!
Then rushed across my path, pell-mell,
The Suffrage Cause in cap and blouse;
Her parents rang the final knell;—
Her heart is an apartment house!

L'ENVOI.
I cannot leave; I'm 'neath a spell;
But, by my hand, I'll hurt no one
That chaps in the adjoining cell!
(Her heart is an apartment house!)
Chester Fitchins.

—FRANK MANUEL—

